

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday March 10. to Saturday March 17. 1705.

Saturday

No Riddle.

SIX Brothers I have, I the youngest but one,
Yet to him of all seven Respect is most shown :
Poor me, the most dismal of all Planets, rules ;
By Jewes I am worshipp'd, tho' serv'd ill by Fools.
You seldom shall see me clean Linnen to wear,
With Gloves always dirted, yet powder'd my Hair.
I publish this Paper that's now in your Hand,
And so I have done e'er since it began.
I stay in this World 'till the Clock shall strike One,
Then I die for a Week, and after return.

A Riddle.

THO' Christian in my Front is writ,
I never was Baptiz'd, as yet.
The Holy Text I oft mistake,
And dare the World eternal make.
Tho' Orthodox, to Idolls given,
Serve God, and all the Holts of Heaven :
Tho' mean my Birth is, and obscure,
I mate th' Immortal Gods in Power.
I make it Thunder, make it Rain,
Then calme the Elements again
With mystick Words ; and when I please,
Command the Air to Thaw or Freeze.
Tho' Dull, I'm courted by the Wise,
On whom I palm ten thousand Lies.
Tho' many hundred Years I've told,
Yet none can truly term me Old.
Unlike the Phoenix, I expire,
Oftimes in Frost, but ne'er in Fire,
And still the Son succeeds the Sire.

To Phillis Mourning for the Death of her Husband.

Phillis, in vain those Tears you shed,
In vain in broken Sighs you greive ;
The Dead, the One, no more will move,
Than t'other Phillis us deceive.
But since the wicked World has made
Fashion in Grief, as well as Dress,
Enough, o' Conscience you have paid,
Enough I fancy too, you guesse.
Grief in those Eyes but whets Desire,
Whilst Pity does to Passion turn ;
Spite o' th' Floods we feel the Fire,
As Bombs amidst the Water burn.

Of Old the fam'd Ephesian Lass,
That greatly greiv'd, and wept like you,

Admited of a warm Embrace,
The lovely Corps she mourn'd in Vies.
Her Lord once Dead, was soon forgot,
For with his Life, her Love too fled ;
She wisely chose the luckier Lot,
And for the Quick, forsook the Dead.

On a Lady's Orange.

WHENCE this ? has Venus then resign'd the Prize,
Naked she won, expos'd to Mortal Eyes ?
Just Goddess ! who, to the first Beauty due,
(Her self less fair) the Fruit resigns to you.
With Balls, like this, she swift Atlanta stay'd,
And on the panting Youth besow'd the Maid.
Had you been there, and thrown this in the Chase,
Hippomenes had stop'd, Atlanta won the Race.

A Catch on Bowling. By J.O.

SOME People mistake us for ignorant Souls,
When we cry, Rub or Flee to our innocent Bowls :
But they are the Fools, as you plainly may see,
For the Bowls are all made of Lignum Vitæ.

On Mr. L——b, an Oxford Schollar, who Died upon the Spot Drinking.

Died Rochester like L——b ? not half so Brave ;
He turn'd his Face ; L——b boldly met the Grave ;
He left the Chase, loath to resign his Breath ;
Death swallow'd him ; L——b bravely swallow'd Death.

Upon Mrs. Du Ruel. By Mr. Sam. Phillips.

GODs, how she steps ! see how the blusking Fair,
With nimble Feet, divides the yielding Air,
As tho' she'd throw the common Method by,
And teach us not to Walk, but how to Fly !
Look with what Art the Nymph displays her Charms ;
Observe the curling Motions of her Arms !
See in what Folds her flowing Garments stream ;
At once they cool and kindle up a Flame
In e'ry Breast, but her's ! --- she's still the same.
She, like chaste Cynthia, does on all Men shine,
But to Endymion she is only kind :
Ill-sorted Fate ! that only One must be
Repriv'd from Death, enjoy Felicity,
While Thousands daily do dispair, and die,
Upon

On Celia's Breast.

O H! was I plac'd upon yon Hills of Snow,
Where fragrant Sweets, and Sweets of Hybla
grow :
Oh! was I happy as that smiling Rose,
Which there triumphant does its Head disclose ;
Like that, with Joy, I cou'd my Life resign,
And bless the Hand that cropt me in the Prime :
For charming Celia can a Heav'n bestow,
A Heav'n of Joy, on happy Man below.
She, like approaching Day, with radiant Light,
Chases the gloomy Horrors of the Night :
And as fair Flora in the bloomy Spring.
Eternal Joys, eternal Pleasures bring.
Oh! happy Rose! I cou'd for ever rest,
Had I thy place upon her downy Breast ;
And not like thee, i' th' Compass of one Day,
Hang down my Head, and drooping fade away.

Corinna fled from Happiness. By Mr. L----,
and set by him.

Happy time when first Corinna
Bless'd this lonely silent Grove,
Without fearing,
Or despairing,
Thought of none but me and Love.

But now a's ! Corinna's fled
From her sincerer Joys,
To taste the vain and poor Delight
Of gaudy Pomp and Noise.

O turn, Corinna, like the Dove
To Noah, in Distress ;
Fly quick, put on the Wings of Love,
With all his Tenderness,
And once again your Strephon bles.

To his Mistres, who was to be Enjoy'd
by his Rival.

Adam, I know my Ruin is decreed,
Nor for such Charms can I refuse to bleed :
My Love were mean, cou'd I love at that rate,
To wish your Mischief, to prevent my Fate :
Yet while you kill, I may your Pity crave,
And you may pity what you must not save.
My Rival must the boundless Heav'n enjoy,
Yet seem at least unwilling to destroy.
Nor triumph o'er me : Grant that little All,
And let me then, like Ephigenia, fall ;
Whom when her Father cou'd not, wou'd not save,
Nor ought ; he sigh'd to send her to the Grave.
Then will I kiss the Fate by which I die,
To think your Bliss rais'd on my Destiny.
Yes, I will fall, and to my Rival give
What I can ne'er resign, thy Charms, and live.

Upon Mrs. K. Fl-m-ng's Singing, Celia
has a Thousand Charms. By H.F.

I.

WHEN Celia's thousand Charms Celinda
sings,
Ten thousand of her own the Fair displays :
So Virgil to the Field his Hero brings,
Gives him the Laurel, reaps himself the Bays.

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B. Bragg, at the Blue Ball in Avermary-Lane. 1705.

Tis Heav'n, she sings, to be in Celia's Arms,
Where num'rous Joys, to make us bless'd, combine :
But stronger much, we must confess, those Charms,
Where Heav'n does with its own Celinda join.

III.

Her gen'rous Song assists to raise our Flame.
Each Hour new Lustre adds to Celia's Face.
Celinda, but continue still the same,
In vain shall growing Beauties Celia grace.

IV.

But whilst you praise the Nymph so wondrous fair,
Her Lover railing at the Jilt we find.
For ever after I'd with Joy despair,
Coul'd I but say Celinda once was kind.

On a Suit of Old Arras Hangings, filled
with Scripture Stories. By *W. W.*

That Lady there, was for fair Rachel made,
She might pass still, but that her Eyes are bad ;
But yet to quell a Sister's Pride, we may a
Rachel suppose to be Blear-Eye'd, as Leah.
Here, Midwife round Child's Arm, ties twifful Red,
The Child and Midwife's gone, but there's the
Thread.
Here Sodom once, and fair Gomorrah stood,
But for their Crimes, from Heav'n a fiery Flood
Their beauteous Buildings into Ashes turn'd,
You see the Arras sing'd, where they were burn'd.
Here David does the Men of Gath controul,
Their Swords and Spears make ev'ry one a Hole ;
And as in Soldiers Maimness a great Grace is,
So here's half Legs, half Arms, and some half Faces.
Lo ! here the Harlot wou'd the Dead divide,
And does demand of Babe, a Haunch and Side ;
But hungry Time, has both the Dames beguil'd,
The real Mother scarce has half a Child ;
Here Daniel lies in Lions Den forlorn,
Alas ! poor Daniel ! Den and Lions torn ;
There Judith Holofernes brings to Bed,
And where you see that Hole, once stood his Head ;
But thro' that larger One, the good St. Paul
Was let down in a Basket. ---- and that's all.

Advertisements.

+ Next Week will be published, *Miscellanea Sacra*, being a curious Collection of Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects ; written by Bishop King, Bishop Ken, Sir John Crofts, Mr. Charles Hopkins, Mr. John Dryden, Mr. Prior, and other Celebrated Authors. To which will be annex'd, a short Scheme of an admirable Proposal for the Relief of our Poor, and Encouragement of Trade ; humbly recommended to the Perusal of all Pious and Charitable Persons.

+ There was lately sent to the Undertakers, the *Broken Pipkin*, a Tale ; but it being too long to be inserted in this Paper, we have printed it on a half Sheet ; and it is to be had at Mr. Bragg's, Price 1 d.

+ All Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, who have any Copies of Verses, Heroical, Humourous, Gallant, Satyrs, Odes, Epigrams, Riddles, Receipts, Songs, Prologues, or Epilogues, &c. in Prose or Verse, proper to insert in this Paper, are desired to send them to Mr. Playford, at the Temple Exchange, Fleet-street ; or Mr. Bragg, the Publisher, in Avermary-Lane, and they'll infinitely oblige the Undertakers, who will faithfully insert them. Whole Sets, or single Ones, may be had at the forementioned Places.